

9.

a russian beauty

her papa was a marxist. she was a russian beauty, an undergraduate art student, and looked to be a fine piece of ass. she spoke to him of lenin, armies red and white, and free love. he called her "toots." she

called him "comrade." during their two week romance he loved her everywhere: in the library, the cafeteria, at class, everywhere but where it counts, in the sack. after she dumped him he recalled, with delightful vengeance, her annoying

habit: the affected "ker-choo!" when she sneezed on her drawing pad.

10.

the physical therapist

she was certainly the most physical miss he had ever laid eyes on. a bouncy, flouncy blonde full of fun, fun, fun! the chastity of her white uniform only spurred on his impure

desires. oh how he longed for some crippling disease -- polio, leukemia, a minor romantic consumption -- only to be miraculously nursed back to the blush of health in her caring, healing arms. a hopeless fantasy,

for he soon realized, to his utter dismay, that her prudence was real: she had no intention of being fucked.